

## Sex Her Keenest Weapon AND BUSINESS WOMAN Should Use It FOR ALL IT IS WORTH

Alice Foote MacDougall Wielded It  
And Built Up Big Business

Started Fifteen Years Ago With \$38 and Handicap of  
Three Children; Now Gives Advice to Other Women.

By Ruth Snyder

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"HER sex is the keenest weapon in the arsenal of the business woman, and she is handicapping herself unduly if she neglects to use it for all it is worth."

I climbed the four long flights of stairs leading to the office of Alice Foote MacDougall & Sons, at No. 73 Front Street, with the sentence ringing in my ears. For just a second I thought it must be hard not to forget one's sex climbing those ever-rising steps every day. Then my nose caught the odor of coffee—sweet and delicious. Up, up I climbed while the smell grew more tantalizing.

When the author of the above sentence made her appearance I fairly gasped. Such a little woman to have done so much—a regular female Napoleon. Because this little woman, in less than fifteen years has built for herself—with an initial capital of only thirty-eight dollars and with the additional handicap of three children—one of the largest coffee houses in the city.

We settled ourselves comfortably in one of the quietest corners of the very efficient office and Mrs. MacDougall explained herself above the ret-a-tat of the energetic typewriters. "Please—please," she begged, blue eyes imploringly seconding her plea, "please do not take my statement too literally. What I mean to convey is that this 'man to man' advice usually given to girls going into business is all bosh. A woman cannot forget her sex. The man cannot forget the fact. Natural laws cannot be ignored so easily. It has been his policy—and he inherits it from the ages—that a woman has to be protected, to be looked after. When I was first thrown into contact with men, I tried to school myself against taking advantage of my sex. I tried to meet them on their own ground. But their ground is fundamentally to protect—to cherish.

"I don't advise any girl to go into business unless she has to," she declared, warming up to her subject. "Business is a hard grind, full of monotony and the sharpest kind of competition. It's no place for a woman."

"Then you don't think the business woman makes the best housewife, as has been contended quite recently?" I questioned.

"No, No, No," she snapped a determined pair of fingers on her desk. "It's a crime. The business world is the worst place for a woman. It's the best thing in the world, and world means home. Soul makes up the home, sex or soul, they are synonymous—but soul is the prettier word. A woman going into business loses this home feeling. They talk jestingly about the 'tired business man.' It's no joke. I realize now why my father, used to be so irritable and cross when he came home.

"I have felt that way many times myself. In fact, when I first had to come home after a long day's work in the office I had to hesitate on the threshold of my house before going in. I hated to face my children in the mood I was in after the constant jangling of the nerves after a day in the office. And I lost contact with the children—lost the feeling of intimacy. A woman who goes to business does. And once she loses it she will find it hard to regain. Frankly, I dread to think of the homeless future."

"But to those women who must go to business," I questioned next. "What advice have you to give—what secret of success?"

"Well," she hesitated and thought for a second—"Yes!"—continuing her thoughts aloud: "I have two suggestions. First, if she goes into business for success she must go in with that idea uppermost in her mind. She must put all thoughts of marriage out of her head. If marriage comes to her, well and good. But she must not go into business with the idea that her business is going to aid her in making her a husband. Her business must be first with her.

"A society girl when she 'comes out' has the thought of making a 'bon parti' in mind. But a business girl must put her whole soul into her work. If she doesn't she will lose both ways. She will make her business a failure and her marriage a catastrophe.

"My second point is, and this may sound paradoxical," she smiled apologetically, "if she does go into business, she should go into it the way a man goes into a football game. She must take the knocks and not whine.

"I'm a sportsman idealist. To me there is nothing bigger than a 'good sport.' Take for instance Carpenter and Dempsey. To me there was nothing bigger than that. The brains of Carpenter matched against the sheer brute force of Dempsey. And when he went down he took it as a sportsman should. The contrary holds for Mile. Lengline. It is the same in any game, tennis, fighting—or—the coffee business," she finished with a smile.

"Have you any definite ideas on dress for the business woman?" I queried, knowing full well she had no direct objection to a girl being as feminine as she wished, for her own navy blue satin dress trimmed with red, with a modish red hat to match, lived up to her ideas that a woman may be as feminine as she wished to be.

"That is a difficult question for women in business," she answered as she thoughtfully twirled a string of red beads which helped to complete her costume. "I haven't solved it yet. I never know what to wear. Now, this dress—and she fingered the long, loose sleeves gingerly—"is a nuisance. It catches. The ideal costume"—and she lowered her voice—"is the knickerbockers. Of course, I can't picture myself in them." She looked doubtfully at her own plump figure. "But



MRS. ALICE  
FOOTE  
MACDOUGALL

for a slim girl and for a woman who likes comfort, they are the thing. And I believe they will be worn in the near future.

"But a woman need not ever forget that she is a woman," she summed up. "A business man does not neglect any natural advantages that he may possess. And neither should a woman. On the contrary, wherever her sex gives her a legitimate advantage she ought to take it. By that I mean a pretty girl need not cover her face with a black veil. If she is pretty she should use her looks to advantage. But—quickly—"she cannot depend on her looks alone. That would be a calamity. She should make herself as pretty as she can, even with the aid of a little powder and color."

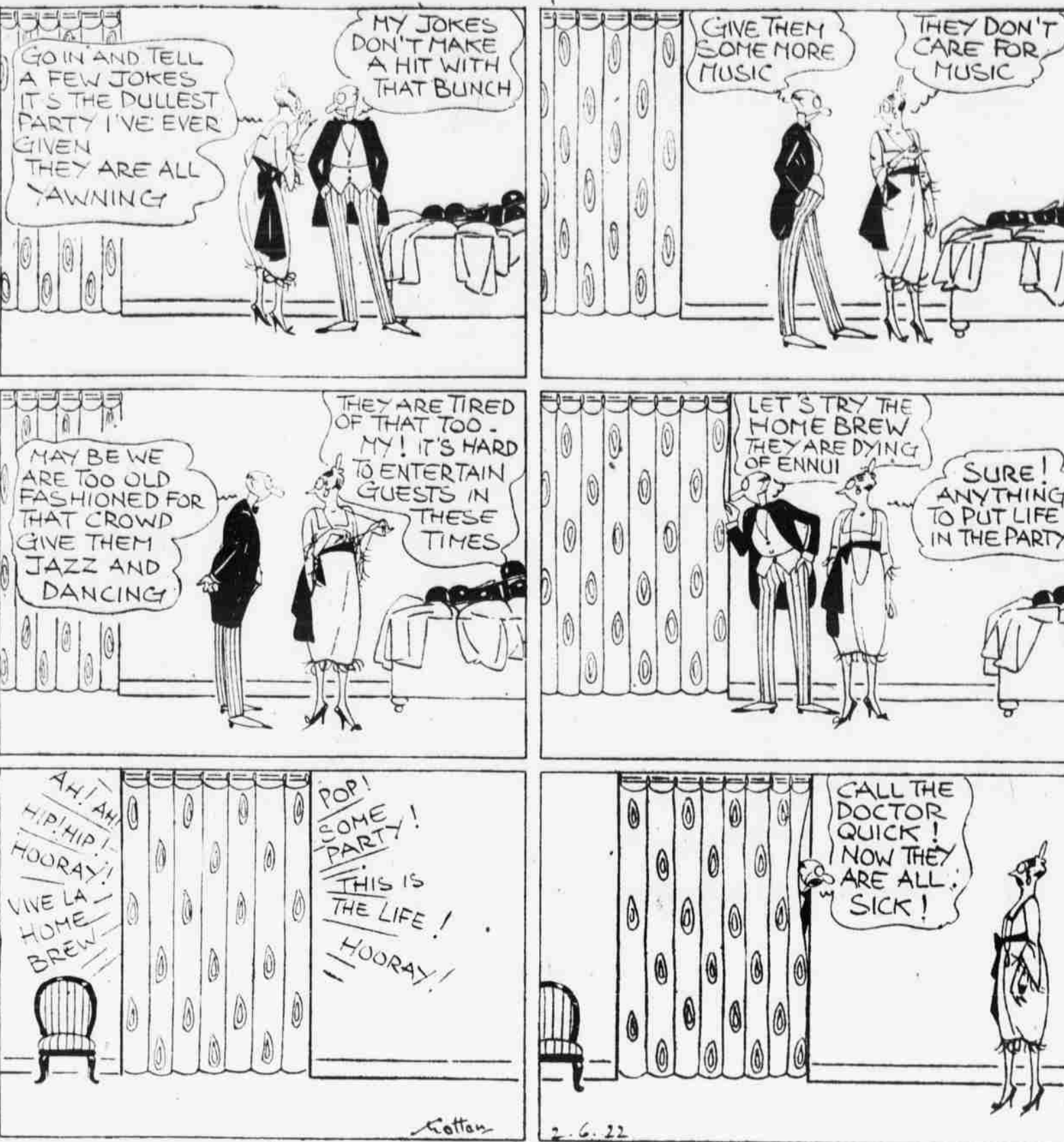
Thus spake a very modern woman.

## DAILY MAGAZINE

### Can You Beat It!

Copyright, 1922,  
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By Maurice Ketten



### The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. JARR and Mr. Michael Angelo Dinkston, poet and philosopher, proceeded upon their homeward way; or, rather they proceeded upon Mr. Jarr's homeward way, because Mr. Dinkston had no home.

Mr. Dinkston was wearing the overcoat he had borrowed from Sol, the Smoke Shop man. He had the collar turned up around his neck and the coat buttoned at the neck and worn cloakwise, that is, without his arms in the sleeves.

"I was approaching the crux of my argument, the application of these curious instances of the psychology of the unusual," remarked Mr. Dinkston, as they ambled on. "To be succinct, then, our worthy friend, Sol, the tobacconist, would never have lent me his overcoat if I had told him I needed one and hadn't the means of purchasing one; but when I said I came use it in getting

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### The Heart of a Girl

By Caroline Crawford

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WHICH MAN WILL PEGGY CHOOSE FOR A HUSBAND? The story of a typical New York girl, Peggy Dinkston, who has just entered business as a stenographer. Her heart is divided between two lovers, Billy Stratton, her own age, and Harrison Torney, a well-to-do bachelor, ten years her senior. The office opens new adventures, brings new lovers. Begin reading this story today. Every installment a new episode in Peggy's affairs.

PEGGY'S PARTY.

SATURDAY MORNING Peggy received a wire from Billy which made her heart beat twice as fast as usual. As she was leaving her apartment for business a messenger rushed up to her and handed her her first telegram. Old age suspects death and is frightened at the sight of a yellow envelope, but youth laughs and knows the message is borne on the wings of life and love.

"Will be at your party to-night," "BILLY."

Those few words sent Peggy skipping into the subway with a merry heart. All day long she hummed bits of popular tunes of the season as she read her paper and planned the evening's programme.

She had invited Percy Peterson, Jack Reed, Marion Minton and her cousin, Bella. Now everything was perfect; she and Billy would make it an even six.

Saturday is a day to rush through work and leave on the stroke of 12. Peggy usually watched the other stenographers rush off like fire engines, but sat stolidly back for a half hour or so to see if, by chance, the boss wanted some extra work done. She had been told that the business girl who gets ahead does not watch the clock, but to-day she left on the minute of 12. She wanted to do some shopping, to go to the grocer's, to select the cheese for her father and do a million and one things.

By 8 o'clock she had transformed the kitchenette and dining room into a combination of tea room and imitation restaurant. The victrola had been transported from the living room to the dining room, every fern and palm her mother owned had its place in some corner or upon some stand. The rug in the dining room had been rolled and the gate-legged table folded into a tea table at one corner of

the room, where the "supper" would be served. Six large blue-and-white bungalow aprons awaited the guests. "Every girl in town will be imitating you, Peggy," declared Marion and her cousin Bella. "Really this is the most original idea, my dear. How DID you ever think of it?"

Peggy was still adding the finishing touches and just a bit annoyed that Marion had arrived so early. She had planned to snatch a few moments with Billy before the other guests arrived—\$3.00 or even 9 would have been much better taste to arrive, she felt. "Jack Reed won't be here for at least half an hour," she announced as she busied herself in arranging some carnations for the table.

"As if I cared," sniffed Marion. "But it me warn you, Peggy, that Bella will vamp Billy if you don't watch out. She is a country-town girl and you know the type."

"A sort of Alice Adams, I suppose," laughed Peggy as she gave Bella a mischievous pat of her eyes.

"Just that," agreed Bella, who was a petite blonde with flashing black eyes. She wore a simple white home made muslin dress and although Peggy could scarcely believe it she actually had a baby-blue sash. Although she looked frightfully old-fashioned, Peggy knew at a glance that Bella was just the type of girl young men admire.

But rather than looking upon Bella as a country-town flapper Peggy considered her as something upon which to experiment with. It would be fun to see which of the boys would become interested in her. Boys always declare they like the old-fashioned girl, now they had their chance. Would it be Jack Reed, Percy Peterson or Billy Stratton who most admired her?

The three young men arrived almost within five minutes of each other. Billy whispered that he would try to snatch a few minutes after the rest left, then some one started up the victrola and the dancing began.

Billy and Peggy paired off, then Marion and Jack Reed, while Bella became the dancing partner of Percy Peterson.

To-morrow—On With the Dance.

### Courtship and Marriage

By Betty Vincent

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"DEAR MISS VINCENT: I am seventeen years of age and have never before gone out with a young man. There is a certain young fellow who has asked my parents if he may take me out and he said that he loves me very much. The other day I happened to meet this young man and we were talking about business, but he never asked me about going out or coming to see me. Please, Miss Vincent, tell me what am I to do?"

"WORRIED."

Do not try to rush matters. It would not have been good etiquette for the young man to talk about coming to see you or to make an appointment on the street. Since he has spoken to your parents he will be quite certain to call or to invite you out later. Girls are very apt to rush ahead and imagine their Prince Charming is going to pop the question long before he frames the first word in his sentence.

"Dear Miss Vincent: Am a constant reader of the advice you give to others and would like a little personal help. Is it proper for an engaged couple to go to the country together on their vacation?"

"WORRIED."

The young man stops at another hotel or boarding house, however, this is frequently considered perfectly conventional.

"Dear Miss Vincent: I am an orphan, within a few months of sixteen years old, and you are the only one to whom I can tell my story. About three months ago I met a young man twelve years my senior, and it was a case of love at first sight for both of us. Twice he asked me to meet him, but both times I disappointed him because I had misunderstood the place. Finally he wrote me a note telling me of his love and I answered it telling him of mine. I live with cousins, who are very strict, so I had to meet this man

away from home. He gave me a little keepsake and told me never to return it unless our love ended. Recently I was ill at home with a sprained ankle and because I was afraid these cousins would find this keepsake, I sent it to him, quite forgetting what he said. I have just received a note from him saying that I must not meet him if my folks do not approve of him. My heart is breaking, Miss Vincent; please help me.

"H. H."

No young man who is worth while likes to meet a young girl outside of her home. The only thing for you to do is to go straight to your cousins, tell them about this man and ask them to meet him. You will find that cousins (no matter how strict) all have hearts and if this young man is the right type of man they will no doubt approve of him. Write a note to the young man inviting him to call a certain evening and telling him you wish to introduce him to your guardians.

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## Maxims Of a Modern Maid

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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The chronic philanderer is as much a victim of habit as the chronic first nighter. Both are grimly proud of not missing anything, both expect no new thrill—and as to that, both are rarely disappointed.

EVEN after she marries popular usage conceals a woman her "own" name—if she has made it. If she hasn't, why should she worry about exchanging one form of anonymity for another?

When from one of those "unexpected business trips" a man returns with a peace offering of diamonds and fine platinum, even the least suspicious spouse finds herself wondering if he isn't too good to be true.

A girl's greatest social asset is the reputation for "being a good pal." It is the lump of sugar which attracts those skittish animals, men, until the one she wants is so close that she can slip the matrimonial halter around his neck before he knows it.

"Sleeping I dreamed, Love; dreamed, Love, of thee," sang the sentimentalists of yesteryear. If one of them tried it on to-day "Love" would retort: "Well, you'd better go see a psychoanalyst."

The only thing more cruel than laughing at a man's love story is not laughing at his funny stories.

When a woman wants to know exactly what people are saying about her she invites her two best friends to tea. Usually she doesn't want to know—again!

Conjugal jealousy may sometimes make a naughty husband behave—discreetly, but it's quite as likely to convince a good husband that he is the devil of a fellow—and must prove it.

There is no kiss like the first—thank heaven. In kissing, as in all the other arts, it is practice that makes perfect.

## Why Not Look Your Best?

By Doris Doscher

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ITCHING SCALP. Neglect to properly brush the hair each night, thus allowing the dust to settle on the scalp, is one of the causes. But remember that the hair, like the nails and skin, is the furthest away from the centre of circulation and is therefore the first to be cut off from the supply. This means, you see, that the general health has a great deal to do with the condition of the scalp, and where the circulation is the least bit defective you will have to make up for the lack of it by the proper massaging of the scalp.

After a serious illness or even a mental shock the hair continues to show the ravages of the disease long after the body has rebounded back to its normal health, due, as I have said, to the fact that the hair is so far from the centre of circulation.

The itching of the scalp may also be due to the fact that you have been wearing a hat that has been either too tight or is of such a heavy fabric as to cause the head to perspire. To overcome this you will have to give it frequent airings. In most cases you will find that the simple rules of resting and airing the hair, massaging the scalp and the application of a little oil to the infected spots is all that is necessary to cure this itching. But if this is neglected and you use the slightest friction you are liable to cause an abrasion of the skin of the scalp thus opening the way for harboring germs. Remember that the daily washing of the comb and brush and side combs and hair pins in a mild antiseptic is necessary to keep the head that has an itching tendency absolutely free from infection.

The wetting of the hair as an aid to dressing is very injurious and may be the cause of your itching scalp. The wetting does not harm the hair; it is the lack of thoroughly drying it and allowing the moisture to sour on the hair that causes the damage. An improper rinsing of the hair after a soapy shampoo may also be the cause. So see which one of these conditions meets your problem and avoid that. And if you at the same time follow out the other suggestions, I know that you will have no repetition of an itching condition of the scalp.

Dear Miss Doscher: Will you kindly tell me if my weight is normal? My age is seventeen, height 5 feet, 6 inches. My present weight is 130 pounds. YOUNG MAN.

For your age and height your present weight is correct.

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